



science fiction
SPACE ADVENTURES

Nº 10

SCIENCE FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES

10¢





WEB COMIC
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Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket!

SHOE BUSINESS

You Don't Invest a Cent!
I Furnish Everything Free!

Want to have lots of money in your pocket—always? Then rush the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE. You don't invest a penny now or ever! Be in this highly profitable business QUICK.

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct factory man handling the quick-selling line of this 47-year old, million-dollar company you have a limitless market, because everybody wears shoes. Start by selling to relatives, friends, neighbors. That will prove the fine quality leathers—superb craftsmanship—money-saving value—and unequalled comfort-fit! Then branch out on a big scale.

It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 175,000 pairs plus huge daily factory production.

Sales build up from friend to friend quickly, like a snowball. Recommendations, repeat orders and new customers build you a big income in a surprisingly short time. No wonder some of our top Shoe Counselors make from \$5 to \$10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Shoes because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Foamy-soft exclusive Velvet-Eez Air Cushion innersole makes walking a real pleasure—like "walking on air!" Ten-second demonstration lets customer actually feel air cushion, brings quick sales!

These splendid shoes bear famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal.

Velvet-Eez

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. MA215, Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



BIG, STEADY PROFITS FOR YOU—NO OVERHEAD!

That's right! You have all the advantages of a profitable shoe store business without the expenses of rent, light, heat, etc. You are independent and invest nothing but your time. Your generous profit is ALL YOURS! No wonder Mason men are making more money than ever before. Even if you start in spare time, you will soon want to devote full time to this steady, repeat-order big-income business!

No Experience Needed... Make Money First Hour!

You need no experience to make money right away. Some men have made up to 20 sales their first day. You feature 151 styles of smart dress shoes, casual sport shoes, and practical work and service shoes for men and women, boots and fine leather jackets, too.

Sell to service station and garage men, waiters, factory workers, barbers, waitresses, nurses, housewives—everybody! Such features as Rugged Horsehide Shoes, Neoprene Oil-Resistant Soles, Gro-Cork Slip-Resistant Soles, Steel Safety Toe shoes make Mason Shoes easy to sell.

SEND NOW!

I have a powerful Selling Outfit I'm going to send you absolutely FREE as soon as I receive your coupon. This outfit includes actual 10-second demonstrator, famous Automatic Selling Plan, and features exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion shoes, fine leather jackets—other fast-selling specialties. To take advantage of this opportunity of your life, rush me the coupon below NOW! You'll be glad you did!



SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason, Sales Manager
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. MA-215
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Please put a "Shoe Store Business" in my pocket by rushing FREE and postpaid your Powerful Selling Outfit—so I can start making Big Money my very first hour!

Name

Age

Address

Town..... State.....

SPACE ADVENTURES

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SCIENCE FICTION

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
EHI! die this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • THE THING • SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

SPACE ADVENTURES

FOR YEARS LEON CANTERBURY HAD FIDDOLED AND FUSSED, FUMED AND FRETTEO, OVER THE INVENTION HE WAS CERTAIN WOULD MAKE HIM WORLD FAMOUS. AND NOW IT WAS PERFECTED---THIS FANTASTIC SCIENTIFIC DEVICE HE CALLED SIMPLY...

CANTERBURY'S CAMERA

DONE...AT LAST! THE MOST
SIGNIFICANT ACHIEVEMENT OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY...THE CAMERA
THAT CAN PHOTOGRAPH TOMORROW!
WAIT'TIL CLARISSA SEES
THIS!

IT'S COMPLETED M'LOVE!
CAPABLE OF DELVING INTO
THE FIFTH DIMENSION, TOO!
THIS INTRICATE COLLECTION
OF LENSES AND SPATIAL
FILTERS CAN DO THE
IMPOSSIBLE!

LIKE
DRYING
THESE
DISHES,
LEON?



DISHES...NO! BUT
A GLIMPSE OF
TOMORROW OR TEN
YEARS FROM NOW...
YES! GO AHEAD,
M'DEAR...DON'T BE
RETICENT--TELL ME
I'M A GENIUS!



SEYMOUR
MOSKOWITZ

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FIDDLESTICKS! IT'S ALL A WORTHLESS TRICK, LEON CANTERBURY! YOU PROBABLY HAD THIS PICTURE **HIDDEN** IN THAT FOOL DOODAD!

D-DOODAD? **TRICK**, IS IT? I-I'LL SHOW YOU...



T-THAT GIRL WALKING ALONG THE STREET...I'M GOING TO TAKE **HER** PICTURE! I'VE GOT THE TIME ADJUSTMENT SET FOR **FIVE YEARS**...IN A FEW SECONDS WE'LL SEE WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE IN 1958! AND WHAT WOMEN'S FASHIONS'LL BE!



NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT MIRACLES CANTERBURY'S CAMERA CAN PERFORM!



THERE! WHAT DO YOU SAY **NOW**, IMPRECIOUS STONE?

I-IT...IT'S **MAGIC!** T-THE SAME GIRL, ALL RIGHT...AND THOSE DUDS...IT **COULD** BE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW! HMMM...SO DRESSES WILL BE WORN **SHORT** AGAIN AND...



FIVE YEARS FROM NOW YOU SAY? **ULPPP!** I...I FEEL PAINT, LEON...WE BETTER GO **INSIDE!**

EASY DOES IT, LOTUS FLOWER! I **THOUGHT** YOU'D BE KIND OF **SURPRISED!**



A-A MACHINE LIKE THAT CAMERA, LEON...IT...IT'S **DANGEROUS!** LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR ANY MAN...

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE USED BY AN **INDIVIDUAL**, MY BLOSSOM! FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING I'M PRESENTING IT TO THE **GOVERNMENT** AS A **GIFT!**



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WITH DREAMS OF FAME DANCING IN HIS BRAIN, LEON CANTERBURY FELL ASLEEP THAT NIGHT. THEN, SUDDENLY...

THAT N-NOISE, LEON... THIEVES IN THE HOUSE! GO AND CHASE THEM...

Y-YES... MY DEAR...

CRASH!!

WHO-WHOEVER IT IS... Y-YOU BETTER CLEAR OUT! I-I'M A DANGEROUS MAN WHEN AROUSED AND...AND ...I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH! DO W-WHAT I SAY...LEAVE INSTANTLY!

WELL I'LL BE...LOOK WHAT WE UNCOVERED, BOSS!

HAW HAW! LOOKS LIKE A GHOST...AN APPARITION, IF I EVER SEEN ONE! LET'S GO UPSTAIRS AND INTRODUCE OURSELVES!

I-IF YOU'RE SUCH A GENIUS, LEON...YOU'LL THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS! YOU SHOULD'VE WORKED ON A BURGLAR ALARM, 'STEAD O THAT WORTHLESS CAMERA!

SOMEONE MENTION A CAMERA? FUNNY...I'M A RED-HOT PHOTO FANATIC...LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT, FRIEND! MAX...YOU GO TO WORK ROUNDING UP THEIR SILVERWARE WHILE I BROWSE FOR A MINUTE...

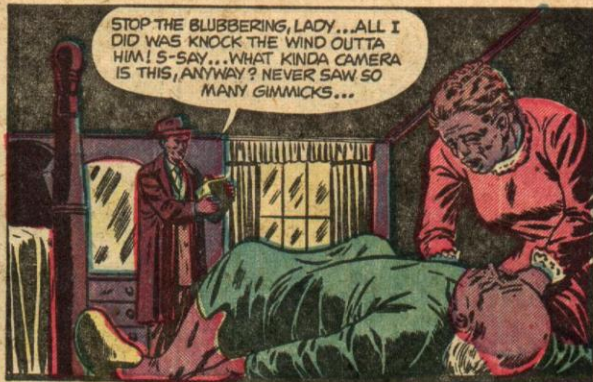
SURE THING, BOSS!

PLEASE EXCUSE MY PARTNER, FOLKS...HE'S GOT WORK TO DO! NOW LET'S SEE THAT CAMERA THE LITTLE LADY MENTIONED!

N-NO... YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! YOU'LL GET MY INVENTION OVER MY DEAD BODY!



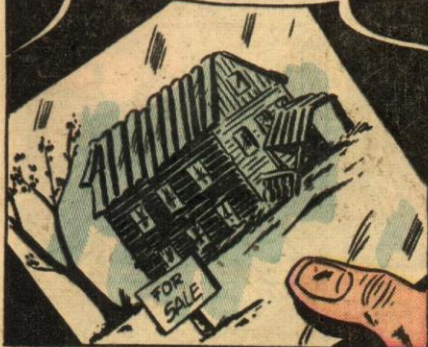
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W-WHAT KINDA TRICK IS THIS, BOSS? IT'S A DIFFERENT HOUSE...

NO IT ISN'T MAX...IT'S THE SAME DUMP A YEAR FROM NOW! T-THIS CRAZY CAMERA...IT FORETELLS THE FUTURE! FROM ONE DAY TO TEN YEARS!

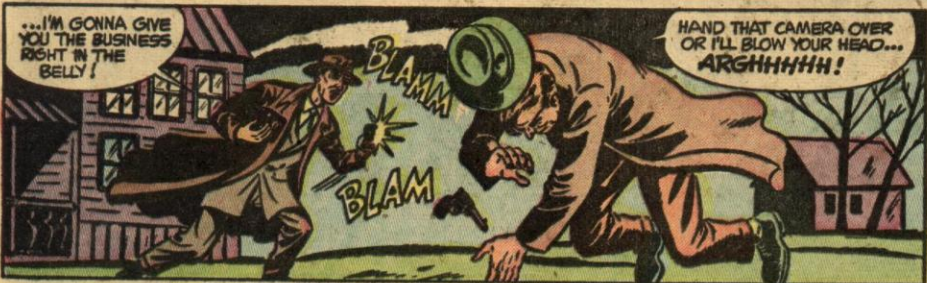


IT M-MUST BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS THEN! YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE LOOT...THE CAMERA'S MY SHARE! I'M SICK OF STOOGING FOR YOU, ANYWAY!

N-NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MAX! WE BEEN SIDE-KICKS A LONG TIME...I TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DO...



...I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE BUSINESS RIGHT IN THE BELLY!



HAND THAT CAMERA OVER OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD... ARGHHHHH!

I DON'T SHARE THIS WITH NO ONE! NOW...PUFF...I GOTTA SCRAM BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE! ME AND THIS CAMERA...WE'RE GONNA MAKE A COZY PARTNERSHIP!



FLEEING THROUGH DARK ALLEYS AND ALONG DESERTED STREETS, THE KILLER SOON REACHES HIS HOTEL ROOM, WHERE...

I SET THE CONTROL FOR ONE DAY AHEAD...AND SNAP A PICTURE OF TODAY'S STOCK MARKET PAGE! THEN, WHEN THE SHOT POPS OUTTA THIS MIRACLE BOX...



I LOOK OVER THE STOCK QUOTATIONS WITH THIS MAGNIFYING GLASS I USE TO EXAMINE STOLEN ICE! HMMM...CONSOLIDATED TELEPHONE'S GOING UP TWO POINTS TOMORROW...I GOTTA BUY ME A CARLOAD OF THAT STOCK!



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HAW HAW! THIS THING'S GONNA MAKE ME A RICH MAN! I GOT A LINE ON EVERY STOCK THAT'S GOING UP TOMORROW...FIRST THING IN THE MORNING I PLUNGE ON AMERICAN RAILROAD, FARGO INDUSTRIAL AND CAPITOL AUTOMOTIVE! WAY I FIGGER I'LL CLEAR \$50,000! AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING...
HAW HAW HO!



I'M TOO EXCITED TO GO TO SLEEP TONIGHT! THE OLD TICKER'S RACING A MILE A MINUTE...BIGGEST DAY IN MY LIFE! I'LL JUST PASS THE TIME 'TIL MORNING BY SNAPPING PICTURES OF ALL THE PAGES IN THE PAPER...SEE WHAT'S GONNA BE NEWS **BEFORE** IT HAPPENS!



I KNOW TOMORROW'S BASEBALL SCORES, ALREADY...HOW THE ELECTION IN NEW MEXICO CAME OUT...A MURDER ON THE COAST THAT AIN'T EVEN HAPPENED YET! WHEW...THIS IS SO EXCITING I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL FAINT!



IF-HERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE ROBBERY TONIGHT...AND A REPORT ON FINDING MAX'S BODY ON THE LAWN! BY READING TOMORROW'S PAPER, LIKE THIS, I CAN ALWAYS STAY ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE COPS! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME... HEY: **T-THIS** ITEM...



N-NO...IT'S GOTTA BE **WRONG!** THIS IS CRAZY... IT'S JUST A GAG...IT **CAN'T** HAPPEN!



S-SOMEBODY'S TAKING ME FOR A SUCKER, THAT'S ALL! I...I'LL SMASH THIS SCREWY CAMERA...SOB...ALL THIS IS JUST A LOUSY DREAM!



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THE FOLLOWING MORNING A KEY TURNED IN A HOTEL ROOM DOOR AND A CLEANING WOMAN ENTERED...



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THEY WERE A BAND OF BRAVE PIONEERS GRIMLY RISKING THEIR LIVES SO THAT MILLIONS COULD LIVE. THEY HAD A DREAM TO CONQUER... A DREAM THAT COULD BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD AND PROSPERITY TO MANKIND... ONLY THEY HAD TO GAMBLE ON CHANCE... BUT LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT WHAT WAITED FOR THEM ON ALPHA CENTURAI WAS A VERY DIFFERENT...

HOMECOMING..



OUT THERE, JON... IS THE ANSWER TO OUR CRUSHING PROBLEMS! THIS IS WHERE OUR DESTINATION IS! IT'S A DANGEROUS ONE!

IF ONLY WE COULD BE SURE, HAL! IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY TO CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK OUR FINDINGS! MAYBE THEN IT WOULDN'T SEEM SO HAZARDOUS!

CHIEF SCIENTIST HAL NORREL TURNED WEARILY AWAY FROM HIS TELESCOPE-VIEWER. WHAT ANSWER COULD HE GIVE HIS CLOSE FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE JON TRELOW? WHAT ANSWER WAS FINAL?

THERE IS NO DEFINITE WAY IN ANY PHASE OF OUR PROPOSED VENTURE! WE HAVE TO RISK OUR HUNCHES ON PURE CHANCE! ALPHA CENTURAI IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE STAR-SYSTEM CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING LIFE!

I DON'T KNOW... IT SEEMS SO UNSURE!



WHAT OTHER ALTERNATIVE CAN YOU SUGGEST? SHOULD WE ABANDON OUR PROJECT JUST BECAUSE WE MAY STAND TO LOSE OUR LIVES OUT THERE IN SPACE?

NO... OF COURSE NOT! BUT WE HAVE TO BE **ABSOLUTE**LY CERTAIN, HAL... BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT AS FAR AS OUR KNOWLEDGE EXTENDS... THAT OUR CALCULATIONS ARE DEPENDABLE!



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LISTEN TO ME, JON... OUT THERE ARE OVER FIVE BILLION PEOPLE STRUGGLING TO LIVE! EARTH TEEMS WITH PEOPLE OVER-CROWDED AREAS, SLUMS... AND NEW SLUMS ARE GROWING EVERY DAY! WE **MUST** FIND A PLANET CAPABLE OF LIFE!

I STILL FEEL MARS.. OR POSSIBLY VENUS MAY TAKE UP THE LOAD!

MARS IS TOO ARRID... AND IN A FEW MILLION YEARS IT WILL LOSE ITS ATMOSPHERE. VENUS IS STILL A CHANGING WORLD. A GLOBAL EARTH-QUAKE CAN DESTROY ANY COLONY WE SET UP THERE! NO.. WE HAVE TO FIND A SUITABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR HOSPITALS AND CRIME CLINICS!

AND AS THEY TALKED, THEY CAME TO THE GIANT SPACESHIP THAT WAS BEING CONSTRUCTED UNDER THEIR VERY EYES...

WE HAVE TO FIND A VIRGIN STAR-SYSTEM WHERE AN ENTIRE PLANETARY SURFACE WILL SHELTER AND AID MANKIND'S POPULATION EXPANSION! AND HERE IS OUR ANSWER... A SPACESHIP THAT WILL TAKE US TO ALPHA CENTAURI!

BUT HOW'T THE TRIP ALONE IS OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS!

BIO-RESEARCH SET UP A SUSPENDED ANIMATION STATIS FIELD THAT WILL PLACE US IN RETARDED METABOLISM FOR THE DURATION OF THE TRIP!

AND OUR LIVING-QUARTERS?

EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER! WE HAVE OUR OWN HYDROPNICS,* A LIBRARY, A MUSIC COLLECTION, ALL THE NECESSARY INSTRUMENTS AND TOOLS REQUIRED FOR A LONG VOYAGE. WE'LL BE QUITE COMFORTABLE IN THIS CABIN!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH, HAL. NOW I'M **DETERMINED** TO COME ALONG. I COULDN'T EVER LIVE OUT MY LIFE WITHOUT TRYING TO CONQUER THE GREATEST OF ALL PIONEERING VENTURES!

*HYDROPNICS: PLANTS, GREENERIES GROWN IN WATER FOR OUR OWN FOOD SUPPLY AND OXYGEN.

FIVE MEN... THE GREATEST SPECIALISTS IN THE WORLD... TOOK FINAL LEAVE OF THEIR WIVES, FAMILIES, AND FRIENDS WITH THE SAME STEEL-LIKE DETERMINATION... KNOWING THEY WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN...

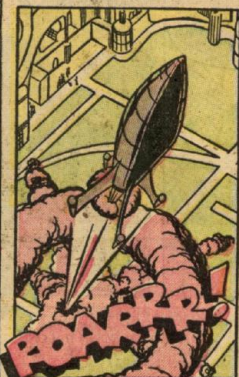
I CAN'T.. QUITE BELIEVE YOU'RE GOING, DEAREST. WHAT CAN I SAY?

WE'VE BEEN HAPPY, DARLING. BUT NOW IT'S FOR ALL OF US THAT I GO! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT WITHOUT BEING BITTER? OUR FUTURE IS OUT **THERE**.. AMONG THOSE STARS!

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..IT SWAYED GRACEFULLY TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR.. A BIRD OF SPACE READY TO SWOOP UPWARDS WITHIN SECONDS!



NOW BEGAN A JOURNEY MARKED WITH PERILOUS ADVENTURES.. FIVE MEN WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.. TO REACH ALPHA CENTURAI AND ESTABLISH A COLONY FOR FUTURE PIONEERS OF EARTH!

DEATH CAME SUDDENLY AND SWIFTLY OUT THERE IN UNCHARTED SPACE! IT COULD STRIKE TREACHEROUSLY AND UNEXPECTEDLY!

EMERGENCY! SHIFT DIRECTION! **QUICK!** A METEOR SWARM IS ON A DIRECT COLLISION COURSE WITH US!

CHANGE COURSE TANGENT THREE- BY- FOUR ERG DEGREES!

GOOD LORD! IT'S A MIRACLE WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

CCRAAROOOOOMM!

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1 AND WHEN SUDDEN DEATH WAS CHEATED, THERE WERE OTHER LINGERING DEATHS... LIKE JAMMED ROCKET-TUBES THAT CRIPPLED THE SHIP...



...OR SUBTLE, CUNNING DEATHS THAT BROUGHT ANNOYANCE, BOREDOM, RESENTMENT TO OTHER-WISE SERIOUS MEN...



2 AND FINALLY... DEEP OUT IN SPACE... BLISSFUL... FORGETFULNESS WAS THE ONLY WEAPON TO COMBAT TENSION, AGE, AND FEAR...



I'LL RELEASE THE EMERGENCY CONTROLS SHOULD THERE BE ANY UNFORESEEN DANGER THREATENING US! 'TIL ALPHA CENTURAI, HAL!



3 SO WHILE FOUR SLEPT, ONE MAN KEPT WATCH... EACH IN SUCCESSION... AS THE SHIP SPED TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION...



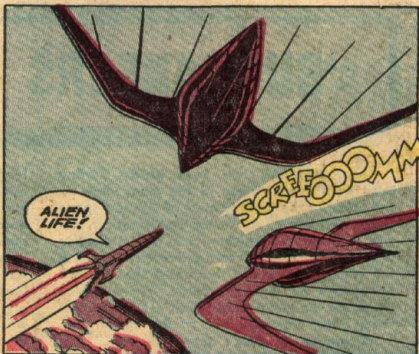
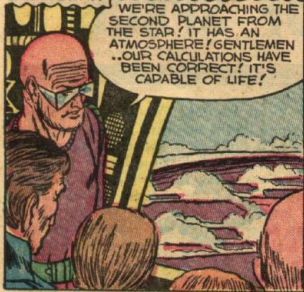
4 A RAPID PROGRESSION OF DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS, YEARS... ONWARD EVER ONWARD, A DREAM, TO COME TRUE!



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WHEN... THE OUTER ORBIT, THE INNER ORBIT... THE SYSTEM OF ALPHA CENTURI! THE MEN NOW COMPLETELY AWAKE... AND EAGERLY WATCHING THE GIANT STAR!

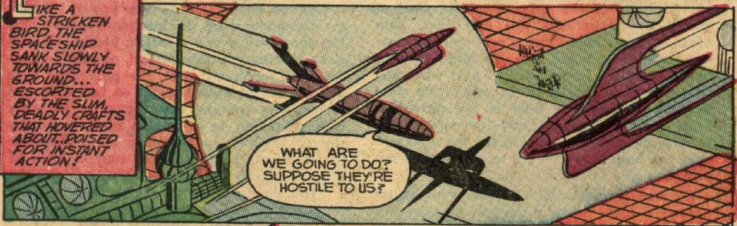
WE'RE APPROACHING THE SECOND PLANET FROM THE STAR! IT HAS AN ATMOSPHERE! GENTLEMEN... OUR CALCULATIONS HAVE BEEN CORRECT! IT'S CAPABLE OF LIFE!



SCREE DOOM

LIKE A STRICKEN BIRD, THE SPACESHIP SANK SLOWLY TOWARDS THE GROUND... ESCORTED BY THE SLIM, DEADLY CRAFTS THAT HOVERED ABOUT, POISED FOR INSTANT ACTION!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? SUPPOSE THEY'RE HOSTILE TO US?



I... I DON'T KNOW! OUR MISSION IS A FAILURE THEN! MANKIND WILL NEVER SETTLE DOWN PEACEFULLY WITH ANOTHER LIFE-FORM! WE CAN EXPECT THE **WORST!**



A WHIRR OF HIDDEN MACHINERY... A CLANK OF HEAVY LEAD BOOTS... AND OMINOUS SPACESUITED FIGURES APPROACHED... WEAPONS IN HAND... GREETING THE EARTH-MEN WHO FACED THEM...

WE HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR TRIP WITH INTEREST! IN FACT... WE HAVE EXPECTED YOU FOR YEARS! OUR PEOPLE WAIT OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU. THESE WEAPONS WERE ONLY A PRECAUTION... FORGIVE US!

W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



WELCOME TO **NEW EARTH**, HAL NORREL! YOU AND YOUR COLLEAGUES ARE GREAT HEROES! YOU SEE... ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER YOU LEFT, MAXIM ARMEN INVENTED THE SPACE DRIVE! WHAT TOOK YOU TWO HUNDRED YEARS, TOOK US **FIVE** DAYS! OUR COLONY IS THRIVING SUCCESSFULLY... WE ARRIVED **NINETY YEARS AGO!**



"BUCCANEERS OF SPACE"

Victor Morgan's two keen brown darting eyes were almost glued to the many dials on the panel of the control room of the new space ship, "Artugus." As senior cadet officer, he was in charge of watching the fuel allotments that fed the powerful rocket motors. He was a tall young man with a sharp nose that seemed to always be inviting trouble. There was a knock on the metal door which set the control room apart from the rest of the space ship.

"Come on in, door's open," he said.

Into the control room walked John Yasgur, second mate of the space ship. He was of stocky build, perhaps five feet four, with black, graying hair. "Not a soul saw me coming here," he grinned, "so you don't have to begin worrying. I have thought over what you said and have spoken to the rest of the men. We meet in half an hour in the recreation room under the second deck. They are willing to seize the ship, but want to see the arms you said you had. Now I've got to get back to my post. See you in half an hour."

Six men, including John Yasgur, were seated around a table in the recreation room of the space ship when Victor Morgan entered. For safety's sake he turned the latch so that they would not be disturbed. He carried a small leather case, which he placed upon the table. Slowly and deliberately he opened the case as startled eyes watched him. "It's a flame gun," called out one of the men. "How did you ever get one of those forbidden weapons?"

There was a wicked smile on Morgan's face as he answered, "So you fellows want to know where I got it? Well, if I have the brains to get this weapon from the National Armory in the United City Capital, then you can bet I know what I am doing." He watched carefully to see the reactions of the men around the table.

Paul Blanchard, a rather stout black-haired man, and a second-class cadet raised the question that was in the mind of every man there. "Just what are your plans? Suppose we do seize the ship and make Captain Dobrow our prisoner? What are we going to do? Sooner or later the Space Patrol will find out something is wrong. Then we'll be tried as mutineers and condemned to work in the Menestri Mines on the moon. And that chemical eats right into your body."

"Are you cowards or are you men?" chal-

lenged Victor Morgan. "We are on a shake-down cruise that is supposed to last two years. Next month there is a spaceship headed for Saturn with a secret consignment of flame guns. We are going to capture that ship and its supplies. We have enough fuel to last us for at least three years. And we can always land on Asteroid X-78 and replenish our supply of fuel. We'll range the universe, and when we are ready, we can land on Mercury and take over that peaceful planet. Why, every man here can be a ruler in his own right."

Captain Martin Dobrow was one of the oldest commanders on the Interplanetary Flights. He stood well over six feet in height. He was deep-chested and lean-joined, and his muscles were as tough as steel. His pale blue eyes always looked right straight at you when he talked. The captain was seated in an easy chair, listening to a talking book recite the story of the first expedition to Mars. The door to his private cabin opened, and in front of him was Victor Morgan.

"You should be at your post now," chided the Captain very sternly. "Unless something has happened that is very important."

Victor Morgan merely re-echoed the captain's words. "Something has happened that is very important." It was only then that the captain saw the flame gun in the cadet's right hand. John Yasgur and Paul Blanchard entered the captain's cabin.

"I'm taking over this space ship," announced Morgan. "You wear around your neck the gold key that opens the steel cabinet wherein are kept the two flame rifles. Yasgur, get the key."

The mutineer took the key and chain from the captain and opened the cabinet. A minute later, he and Blanchard each had a flame rifle in their possession.

"You must be a madman to try anything like this. You can't get away with it," Captain Dobrow warned. "You know the penalty for mutiny. They will send you to the Menestri Mines on the Moon. And no man has ever lived through his sentence with that kind of work."

"First they must catch us," sneered Morgan. "And this just happens to be the fastest ship ever built. Even if they send out patrols from Venus or Mars to try to pin-point us, I think we can outdistance them. We are going to tie

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you up. Don't worry about anything. You'll be fed your meals and will be kept alive because I need you." Then turning to Paul Blanchard, he added, "Ring the emergency bell three times and get the cadets into the mess hall. I want to speak to them and give them their choice of joining us or else . . ."

The cadets assembled in the mess hall were a terrified lot of men as they looked at the mutineers. Victor Morgan was in all his glory now. "Cadets," he shouted, "I give you two minutes to make up your mind. Join us as Buccaneers on this space ship, or death is your choice."

A young man who could hardly have been more than twenty three arose from his seat. He was William Pearson, honor man of the class of 2347. "When I became a cadet," he began, "I took an oath of allegiance to the service. I value that oath more than I value life. For life without honor is useless. We are unarmed, but I defy you now, and always."

"Those who do not wish to join me," proclaimed Morgan, "go to the side of Cadet Pearson."

Three men arose and slowly walked over to their comrade.

"Shoot them out of the air lock," ordered the cold-blooded man, who had taken over control of the ship. Terrified looks appeared on the faces of the frightened cadets. For they knew what would happen to a man who went into outer space without a space-pressure suit. His body would burst outwards, and the death would be painful. Two cadets advanced upon the mutineers. Morgan pulled the trigger of his flame gun. They flashed into flame, and in a second became ashes. The rest of the cadets recoiled in horror.

The four cadets were taken down a long corridor. Then a huge steel door opened. They were shoved inside and the door closed. "Now," ordered Morgan; and Yasgur pulled the switch that sent the faithful cadets to their doom.

It was Tuesday afternoon, figuring Earth-time. Captain Dobrow was standing before the video screen. This was the reason he had not been killed. Once a week he talked with his wife to tell her that things were in good condition on the ship. Blanchard was at the control. "One false word or move," warned

Yasgur, "and you get a shot of the flame gun."

Time limit was three minutes on the video screen. Mrs. Dobrow asked the natural question, "How are you, dear?" and then added, like a mother, "The children are fine." Captain Dobrow spoke slowly and clearly. "Things are fine on the ship. Just a bit lonely for my sister Emma. Wish she were on the ship."

"Now take him back to his cabin until next week," ordered Morgan. "And once we get that space ship with the flame guns, I'll shoot him into space."

Next week at the same time, Captain Dobrow stood before the video screen. His wife had good news for him. "Your sister Emma is on the space ship, 'Gartina,' which is on its way to Saturn. She is going to work in the office of special duties there."

When the time limit had passed, and the screen was dark, Morgan laughed, "What a joke this is! His sister is on the space ship carrying the flame guns. We'll capture her and shoot them all out into space."

Morgan was in the communication room. "The space ship 'Gartina' is approaching us and is waiting to hitch onto our air lock and transfer the captain's sister aboard for a short visit. They want an O.K.," said the operator.

The buccaneer grinned. "They are setting their own death trap. We'll board the ship and kill the crew with our flame guns. Then we'll seize their cargo."

Grimly, Blanchard, Yasgur, and Morgan began walking through the connecting air lock into the space ship they intended to capture. There was a slight buzz, and then all was quiet. When Morgan and the rest opened their eyes they were in chains. Captain Denser of the "Gartina" and a cordon of armed guards were around them.

"What happened?" demanded Morgan.

Captain Denser explained matters. "Sister Emma is dead. Captain Dobrow's wife became suspicious when her husband made the first remark and called headquarters. She gave him the message upon our orders. As you came to get us, we gave you a dose of nerve gas. You'll need lots of nerve when you begin to work in the Menestri Mines on the Moon."

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 3, 1946 (Title 26, United States Code, Section 223) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SPACE ADVENTURES, published bimonthly at Derby, Conn. for Sept. 30, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Edward Levy, New Haven, Conn. Editor and Managing Editor — Burton M. Levy, Orange, Conn. Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent of more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Rom Hita, Inc., Chaffin Building, Derby, Connecticut

Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut John Santangelo, Derby, Connecticut 3. The known holders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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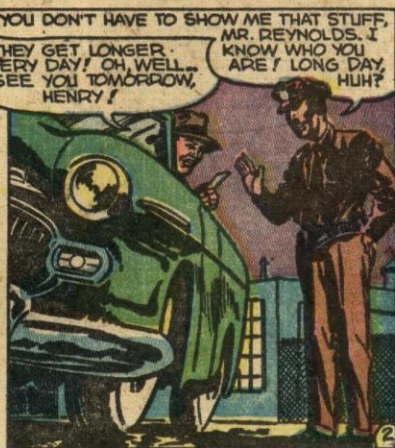
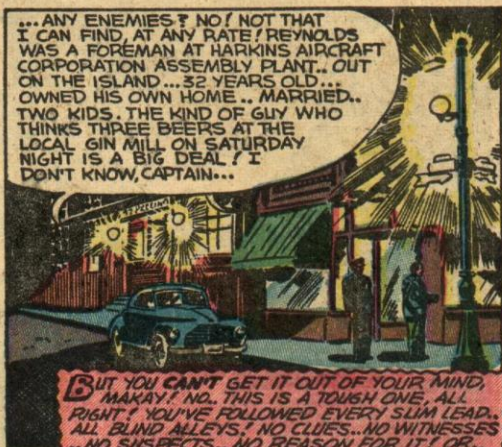
BURTON M. LEVY, Editor
Signed and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1952.
(Notary Public)
(My commission expires April 8, 1957)

The Visitors!

MIDNIGHT, A METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT...
THE OFFICE OF DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT MAKAY,
HOMICIDE DIVISION...

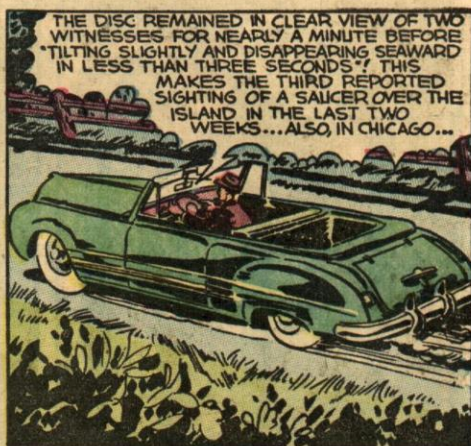


SPACE ADVENTURES

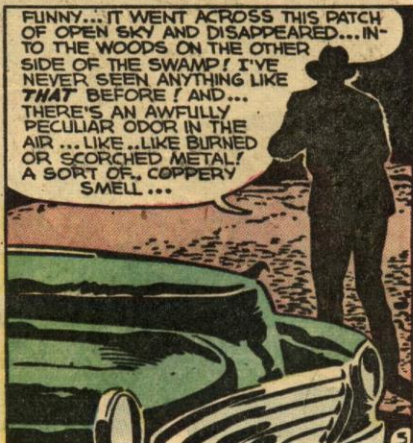
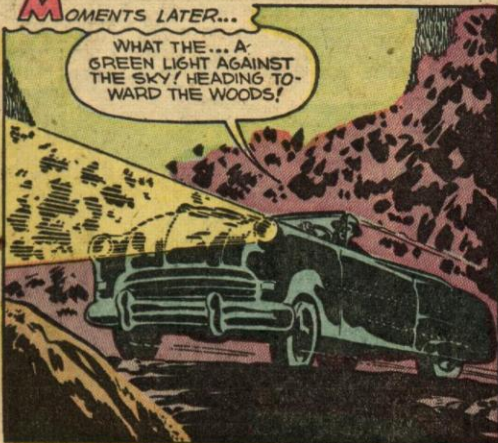


IF ONLY YOU COULD GET A LINE ON HIS MOVEMENTS! LET'S SEE... ABOUT SIX HOURS AGO, AROUND SEVEN, HE WAS QUITTING WORK. THREE HOURS OVERTIME TODAY! THE GUARD AT THE PLANT REMEMBERED THE CONVERSATION, AND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? THAT'S THE JOKER... NOBODY KNOWS!

SPACE ADVENTURES



MOMENTS LATER...



SPACE ADVENTURES

BEEN WORKING TOO HARD LATELY...
HEY / WAIT A MINUTE... OVER THERE...
IN THE WOODS.. TWO BRIGHT GREEN
FLASHES / I'M PROBABLY NUTS,
BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK...



HAVE TO GO
THROUGH THE
WOODS. I BETTER
TAKE THIS
ALONG!



AFTER TWENTY
MINUTES OF ROUGH
GOING THROUGH THE
WOODS, REYNOLDS
IS NEARLY EX-
HAUSTED BUT
STILL DETERMINED
TO FIND THE
SOURCE OF THE
MYSTERIOUS
GREEN LIGHTS...



...AND A MOMENT LATER
RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF
HIS LIFE!



SOMEONE COMING
FROM IT... LOOKS
HUMAN ENOUGH...



HE'S GOING AROUND
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
IT! I'LL TAG ALONGS AND
FIND OUT WHAT HE'S
UP TO...



SPACE ADVENTURES



FUNNY THING...WE JUST STEPPED OFF INTO THIN AIR AND **FLOATED** TO THE GROUND! WERE I ON THE MOON OR A SMALLER PLANET WITH MUCH LIGHTER GRAVITY THAN EARTH I COULD DO THE SAME THING! I WONDER...



A WHOLE GANG OF THEM! ALL THAT APPARATUS... WHY THEY'RE OBSERVING THE AIRCRAFT PLANT DOWN THERE! THAT ONE WITH THE EAR-PHONES...HE COULD BE TRANSMITTING THEIR OBSERVATIONS...TO THE SAUCER OR SOMEWHERE ELSE!

AS REYNOLDS MOVES BACKWARD INTO THE SHELTER OF THE WOODS, HE STEPS ON A DRY BRANCH!



I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! IF I CAN GET THE POLICE AND RETURN BEFORE THEY TAKE OFF... WHUP! THAT DID IT...

SNAP! KRAK!

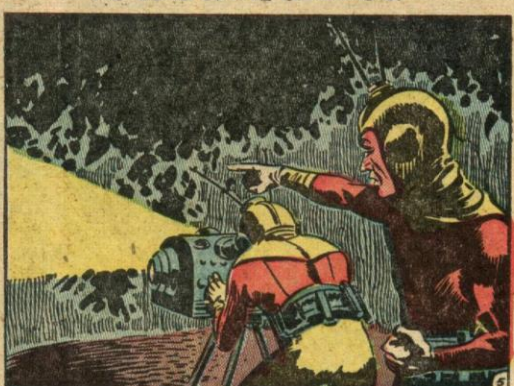


THEY HEARD IT! IF THEY SPOT ME THEY'LL OPEN FIRE...AND WHO KNOWS WHAT THOSE WEAPONS WILL DO!

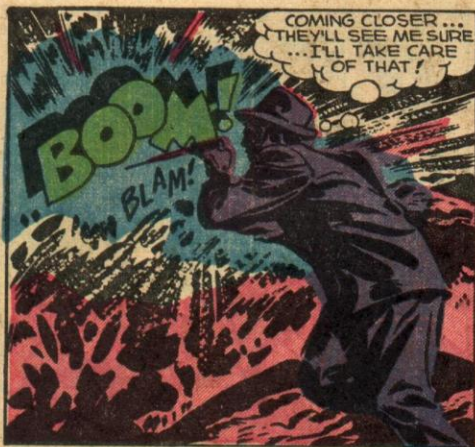
THREE MORE ALIENS SUDDENLY POP FROM THE OPEN HATCHWAY, TWO OF THEM CARRYING A LARGE SEARCHLIGHT...



WHICH A MOMENT LATER SENDS A BEAM OF BLINDING LIGHT TO ILLUMINATE THE WOODS BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING...



SPACE ADVENTURES



COMING CLOSER...
THEY'LL SEE ME SURE
...I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THAT!

HAVING REVEALED HIS POSITION BY HIS PISTOL'S FLASH, REYNOLDS LEAPS UP TO RUN, WHEN SUDDENLY THE SAUCER TILTS, AND FROM ITS UNDER SIDE SHOTS A LARGE BALL OF FIRE...



NO... I'M BURNING...

SOME TIME LATER...
AT CITY HOSPITAL...

I'M MISS MARTENS OF THE
GLOBE DISPATCH... WE
UNDERSTAND YOU ADMITTED
A VERY BAD BURN CASE
TONIGHT! I THOUGHT
THERE MIGHT BE A STORY
...MAY I
SEE
HIM?

WHY, I GUESS SO!
ROOM #2A AT THE END OF
THE HALL. PLEASE DON'T
STAY TOO LONG!



AN AMAZING ACCOUNT, MR.
REYNOLDS! ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!
AND WHAT HAPPENED
THEN?

THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT
THE FIREBALL KILLED ME BE-
CAUSE THEY PAID NO FURTHER
ATTENTION TO ME! I
MANAGED TO CRAWL...
TO THE HIGHWAY... A
MOTORIST PICKED
ME UP... BROUGHT
ME HERE!

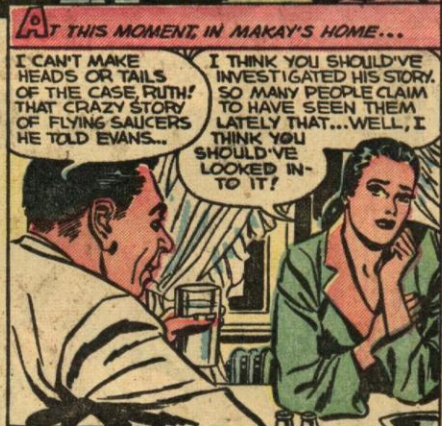


AND THE
SAUCER PEOPLE
...ISN'T ANYONE
GOING TO
INVESTIGATE
YOUR STORY?



●POLICE THOUGHT
I WAS CRAZY...SAID
THEY'D LOOK THE
AREA OVER IN THE
MORNING... BE TOO
LATE THEN...THEY'LL
BE GONE!

SPACE ADVENTURES



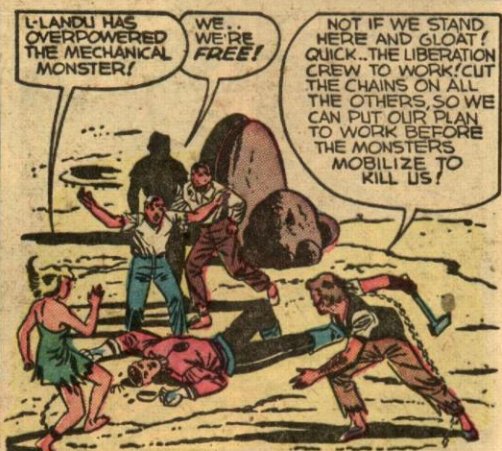
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, RUTH... SO RIGHT!
The END

THE EARTHLING COLONY ON THE PLANETOID XERXES HAD BEEN CONVULSED BY A SAVAGE UPRISING OF THE ROBOTS. REBELLING AGAINST THE ABJECT SLAVERY NOW FORCED ON THEM BY THEIR FORMER SERVANTS, A DAUNTLESS BAND OF HUMANS PLANNED TO ESCAPE TO THE MOTHER PLANET...TO JOURNEY THROUGH VAST SPACE...

G-GET BACK IN LINE, YOU IDIOT HUMAN! YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THESE CHAINS WE'VE PUT YOU IN...

YOU'VE BEATEN US FOR THE LAST TIME, ROBOT! SAY YOUR PRAYERS...OR WHATEVER MECHANICAL MONSTERS DO SAY BEFORE THEY'RE DESTROYED!

DICK + ARTIE



SPACE ADVENTURES

HURRY, ZYNN! I MUST LEAD THE ATTACK ON THE CENTRAL RADIONIC TRANSMITTER BEFORE THE WORD OF OUR REVOLT IS BROADCAST TO ALL THE OTHER ROBOTS ON THE PLANETOID! ATTENTION, ARSENAL DETACHMENT! WE NEED EVERY WEAPON YOU CAN CAPTURE ... DOUBLE-QUICK!



WHILE THE FIRST TWO STEPS ARE TAKEN, THE REST OF YOU INFILTRATE INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SPACE-PORT... READY FOR OUR RETURN! IN AN HOUR, IF WE'RE SUCCESSFUL, ALL SURVIVORS OF OUR REVOLT WILL BLAST OFF FOR EARTH!



SLITHERING SILENTLY ACROSS THE COUNTRY-SIDE THE INSURGENTS AWAIT THEIR NEXT MEETING WITH ONE OF THE DREADED OPPRESSORS.

HERE HE COMES... EVERYONE READY! I'LL LEAD THE TRANSMITTER WRECKING CREW WHILE THE VOLUNTEER SUICIDE DETAIL CREATES A DIVERSIONARY DISTURBANCE!



W-WHAT...? H-HUMANS ... FREE!

HURRY! UP THE STEPS... INTO THE TRANSMITTING HEAD-QUARTERS! WE'VE NO TIME TO SAY GOODBYE TO OUR BRAVE COMRADES!



FORWARD, HUMANS! NOTHING MUST STOP US!

GOOD LUCK, LANDU... HAPPY VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE!



W-WE MADE IT! NO TIME TO WASTE... DESTROY EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT IN THE MASTER CONTROL ROOM!

H-HUMANS! STOP THEM... S-STOP THEM!



SPACE ADVENTURES

DON'T LEAVE A SINGLE TRANSISTOR WORKING! ONLY IF WE COMPLETELY DESTROY THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CAN WE HOPE TO BLAST FREE OF THIS CURSED PLANETOID!



WORKING WITH SPEED BORN OF DESPERATION, LANDU'S MEN QUICKLY DEMOLISHED THE RADIONIC EQUIPMENT... WITH TRAGIC LOSS OF LIFE...

"T-TELL MY WIFE I DIED SO SHE COULD REACH THE SAFETY OF EARTH, LANDU! TELL... ARGENT!"



NOTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP OUR COMRADES, MEN! T-HEY SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO INSURE OUR ESCAPE... LET'S PRAY THAT THE ARSENAL CREW HAS BEEN AS SUCCESSFUL AS WE HAVE!



RACING FRENZIEDLY TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT, LANDU QUICKLY ORGANIZED THE NEXT STEP IN THE DESPERATE REVOLT...

"YOU WILL STAGE A MOCK ATTACK ON THE NORTH END OF THE SPACE-PORT, IN ORDER TO DRAW ALL ROBOTS THERE! THEN WE WILL GAIN POSSESSION OF A FUELED SPACE SHIP!"



T-THERE THEY GO... SACRIFICING THEIR LIVES SO THAT WE CAN FLEE FROM XERXES!

SHOULD WE NOT BE STARTING FOR THE SHIP, LANDU? TIME IS GROWING SHORT!



EVERYONE SET? LET'S GO... TO THE SHIP THAT WILL LIBERATE US FROM THIS HIDEOUS SLAVERY!



ONWARD! TO FREEDOM!

SPACE ADVENTURES

THE HUMANS CHOSEN FOR THE FANTASTIC TRIP THROUGH SPACE RACED FRANTICALLY TOWARD THE SHIP WHICH MEANT SALVATION...



DRAGGING THE STRUGGLING LANDU INTO THE CRAFT, MANDOR GAVE THE ORDER FOR THE HATCHES TO BE SLAMMED SHUT, THEN...

DOOR'S LOCKED! JETS ABOUT TO TURN OVER! EVERYONE INTO THE COMPRESSION CHAMBER... WE'RE BLASTING OFF!

W-WAIT... THE FOOD DETAIL! IT... HASN'T ARRIVED YET!



THE FOOD DETAIL WAS ANNIHILATED, LANDU... NOT ONE MAN SURVIVED! WE'LL LAUNCH THE SHIP WITH WHAT FOOD IS ALREADY ON BOARD!

E-EVERY MAN... WIPED OUT? NO SENSE IN WAITING, THEN... LET'S GO!



SPACE ADVENTURES

WITH A DEAFENING EXPLOSION, THE HUGE SHIP CRASHED OUT OF ITS CRADLE AND BEGAN TO RISE...

RISING SLOWLY AT FIRST, IT ACCELERATED FURIOUSLY AS LONG TONGUES OF FLAME BLASTED IT INTO THE SKY...

W-WE...**MADE** IT!
FREE AT LAST..
ESCAPED FROM
XERXES!

AS THE CRAFT LUNGED UPWARD, THE PITIFUL REMNANTS OF THE HUMAN REVOLT WAVED A LAST MOURNFUL FAREWELL...

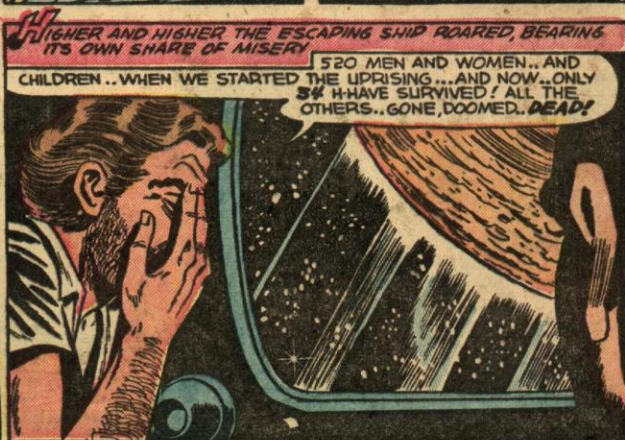
GOD SPEED, FRIENDS! I.I. I PRAY
YOU FIND PEACE
AND SECURITY..
ON EARTH...

HIGHER AND HIGHER THE ESCAPING SHIP ROARED, BEARING ITS OWN SHARE OF MISERY

520 MEN AND WOMEN..AND
CHILDREN..WHEN WE STARTED THE UPRISING...AND NOW..ONLY
34 HAVE SURVIVED! ALL THE
OTHERS..GONE, DOOMED..**DEAD!**

CHEER UP, LANDU! THOSE WHO
DIED DID IT WILLINGLY..CHEER-
FULLY! HAPPY IN THEIR LAST
MOMENTS THAT **SOME**
HUMANS WOULD SURVIVE
TO REACH THE EARTH!

T-THOSE ON BOARD ARE SURE
THEY WILL REACH OUR MOTHER
PLANET! WHAT THEY DON'T REAL-
IZE IS THAT WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH
FOOD FOR A 3 MONTH VOYAGE!
RIGHT NOW ALL IS JUBILATION,
BUT SOON..SOON...



SPACE ADVENTURES

I IN THE FOURTH WEEK OF THE HISTORIC FLIGHT FROM XERYES, LANDU'S DIRE FOREBODINGS BECAME REALITY...

FOOD, LANDU! WE'RE ALL BEING STARVED BY THE MISERABLE RATIONS YOU ALLOW US!

DID WE ESCAPE FROM THE ROBOTS IN ORDER TO STARVE UP HERE IN SPACE?



THE FOOD **MUST** BE RATIONED, FRIENDS... WE STILL HAVE 2 MONTHS TO GO...

YOU AND YOUR PALS DON'T SEEM TO BE STARVING! TIME FOR THE REST OF US TO TAKE OVER!



COME ON, FOLKS... LET'S SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS! LET **THEM** STARVE FOR AWHILE!

T-THIS IS **MUTINY!** ONE STEP FORWARD AND... W-WE HAVE NO CHOICE MANDOR! **SHOOT TO KILL!**



YOU'RE JUST AS BAD AS THE ROBOTS! YOU... **AIEEE!**



C-COME OUT, FRIENDS... YOU'RE NOT IN DANGER! IF THESE FOOLS HADN'T REVOLTED NOTHING LIKE THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED! HURRY... TAKE THE BODIES AND DROP THEM OVERBOARD...

WAIT!



OUR PLIGHT IS DESPERATE! THESE BODIES ARE LIFE-LESS... BUT... THEY CAN BE **EATEN!** ONLY IF WE DO THAT WILL ANY OF US SURVIVE STARVATION!

Y-YOU MEAN... T-TURN... **CANNIBALS?** GOOD HEAVEN, MANDOR... AND... YLT, THAT **IS** THE ONLY SOLUTION!



SPACE ADVENTURES

FOR 2 HARRROWING MONTHS THE SURVIVORS LIVED LIKE WILD ANIMALS, FEEDING OFF THE FLESH OF THEIR DEAD FRIENDS. THEN...

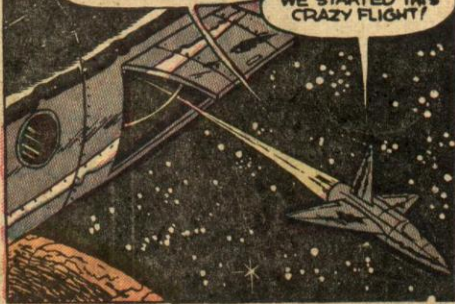
I JUST SPOKE TO THE PILOT, LANDU...WE'RE ENTERING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! AND OUR JET BRAKES DON'T WORK...THE SPACESHIP IS DOOMED...IT'LL CRASH! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SURVIVE...THIS SPACE DINGHY!



WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION THE TWO MEN CLAMBERED INTO THE TINY DINGHY AND PROPELLED IT FORWARD...

OUR F-FRIENDS...NOT ONE WILL LIVE THROUGH THE CRASH OF THE SPACE SHIP!

COURAGE, LANDU! WE ALL TOOK OUR CHANCES WHEN WE STARTED THIS CRAZY FLIGHT!



T-THERE IT GOES! IT'LL HIT THE EARTH...AT 5000 MILES AN HOUR...

ONLY TWO OF US LEFT! AN AWFUL TRAGEDY...A GROTESQUE DISASTER...



A MOMENT LATER...



THE SPACE DINGHY LANDED WITHOUT ACCIDENT, IN THE VERY SHADOW OF THE DEMOLISHED MOTHER CRAFT...

YOU LOOK ALL IN...WE'D BETTER GET YOU TO THE SPACE-PORT CLINIC FOR A CHECK-UP! WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

W-WE CAME FROM XERXES...THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE...

WELCOME TO EARTH, FRIENDS! FROM THE TOWER WE WATCHED YOU LAUNCH THE DINGHY...JUST IN TIME, TOO! NOT A SURVIVOR IN THAT WRECK!



SPACE ADVENTURES



FROM XERXES? THERE WAS A REVOLT THERE RECENTLY! OH... HERE COMES THE ASTRO-SURGEON! MIND IF I HAVE HIM LOOK AT MY ARM? BEEN GIVING ME TROUBLE LATELY...

GO RIGHT AHEAD. AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH... IT'S LIKE HEAVEN JUST BEING HERE ON EARTH!

THAT ARM AGAIN, CYLL? LET ME TAKE A LOOK!

I THINK I RUSTED THE SPRING MECHANISM DURING THAT LAST REVOLT OF THE IDIOT HUMANS, DOC! GO EASY... WILL YOU?

Y-YOUR ARM... YOU... YOU'RE A...A..

A ROBOT! THEY'VE T-TAKEN CONTROL HERE, TOO... HUMANS ARE IN SLAVERY ON EARTH!



YOU ARE **NOT** ROBOTS? Y-YOU MEAN YOU ARE **HUMANS** WHO ESCAPED FROM XERXES?

ALL T-THIS PAIN AND MISERY AND DEATH... AND WE'RE BACK IN THE MIDST OF **METAL MONSTERS!**



SEIZE THEM, GUARDS! IT'S DANGEROUS HAVING HUMANS FREE TO ROAM THE EARTH! QUICK... INTO CHAINS WITH 'EM... THEN DOWN TO THE LETHAL CHAMBER!

N-NO! DON'T KILL US... NOT AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...



THEN... THERE... YOU'RE PERFECT AGAIN, CYLL!

TOO PERFECT, DOC! I'VE ALWAYS COMPLAINED THAT **FINISHED** ROBOTS LIKE YOU AND ME RESEMBLE THE HUMANS TOO CLOSELY... THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THOSE TWO PIGS INSTANTLY!

FUNNY THING. THOSE TWO MUST'VE FLED FROM XERXES THE SAME DAY AS THE GIANT REVOLT... THE REBELLION WHICH RESTORED THE **HUMAN** COLONY TO POWER AND DESTROYED EVERY LAST ROBOT ON THE PLANET. **OID!**



THE End

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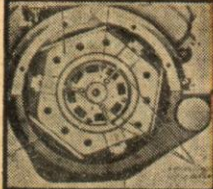
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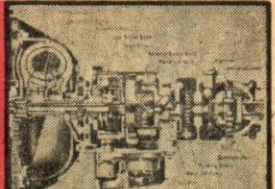
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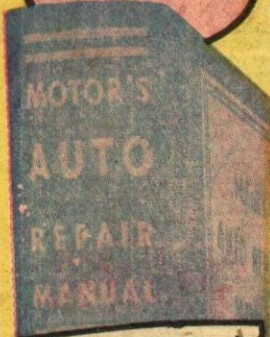


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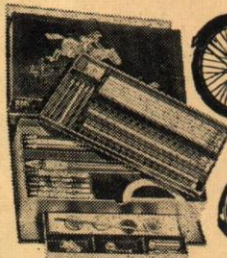
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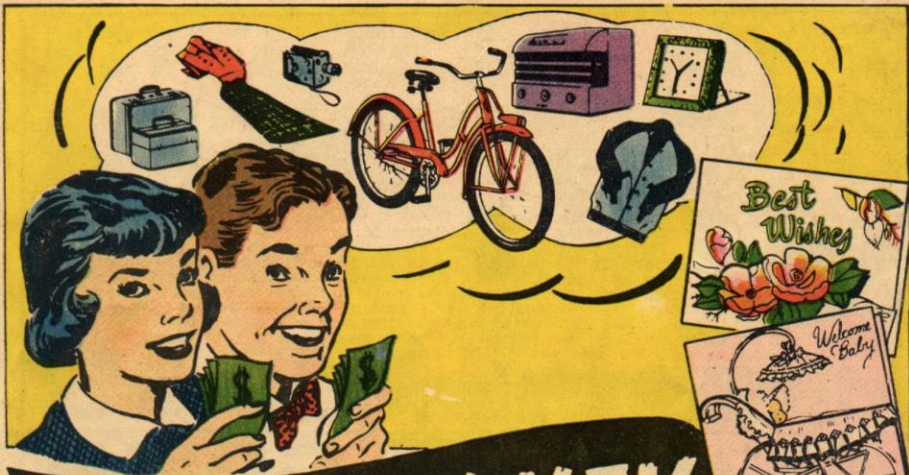
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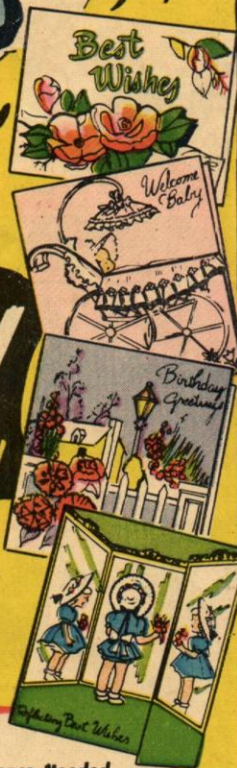
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